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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portlahd, Maine.

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Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

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PATENTS procured upon inventions. No Attorney's Fees in Advance. Our House was established in 1860. We file CAVEATS, and obtain TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, Etc.

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Send us a Model of your Invention, with your own description of it, for our opinion as to patentability. No Attorney's Fees unless Patent is Secured. Our Book of Instructions, etc., "How to Procure Patents," sent FREE on request. Also sample copies of the "Scientific Record," the Inventors' Journal.

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NABOB WHISKEY

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICA AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St.,
Boston, September 9, 1879.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

F. W. BEACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO D. L. HACKETT.)

Practical

JOB PRINTER.

OFFICE, EXCELSIOR BLOCK, WOODLAND.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., December.—The House evidently means business in demanding that John Sherman must show how many millions have been paid in Southern war claims, and further to show the number and amount of fraudulent claims paid by the Treasury, as well as the steps taken by the government to recover these moneys. Mr. Sherman is either a fraud or a fact, and will now have full opportunity for demonstrating to which category he belongs. He has yelled fraud against the South, in connection with her claims, and as the Fort Sugg, Wetowski, and other unblushing swindles occurred under Republican Administrations, and were, in every single instance, engineered through by so-called loyalists of the South, it is fitting indeed, that Mr. Sherman should be compelled to make his words good in an exhibit of just what the South has filched. He, as Senator, did as much towards making fraud, periury, and theft synonymous with Republican law, as did the hero of the Fort Sugg fraud as Congressman. He enacted laws offering moneys to every scoundrel who would trump up a false claim and suborn witnesses to swear to loyalty, etc., and the House did noble work in resolving that he report just how many millions he has been the active agent in filching from the Treasury. He has given us the talk, now we want the cider. He will find himself buried as deeply under the foul blot of "Southern claims" as Jim Blaine was in '76 under his railroad transactions, and we predict his presidential aspirations will prove quite as baseless as were those of the "Truthful Jeems."

Death has already begun his *role* by marking Mr. Lay, of Missouri. Who next?—Last Congress had a peculiarly fatal record for Congressmen, and the 46th bids fair to equal it. Mr. Lay's remains were sent home in charge of the usual Congressional committee, accompanied by his widow, who remained with him in his last moments.

The exodus of negroes from North Carolina to Indiana continues to pour into our midst, penniless, half naked, hungry people, who are huddled promiscously, men, women, children and dogs, into an old building, and kept there as so many animals, until shipment can be effected through contibutions of funds. If there be anything superlatively devilish it is the action of those who seduce the negro, by lies, from his comfortable home in his native country into this exodus. A stop should be put to it. A negro has full right to change his locality when pecuniarily able to do so, but no set of scoundrels has a legal right to send women and children out into vagrancy, as is being done by these villians in North Carolina.

Apropos of the War Department, in tearing down the old War Department building this fall, it was discovered that the foundation was not of stone. The bricks were laid on the ground in a bed of mortar, and the place of a cornerstone was taken by a mortar-imbedded brick. This curious piece of masonry, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, has been fixed in a glass case, and is kept in the office of the Chief Clerk of the Department.

Writing of the mutations of time reminds us that one of Washington's old farms, a part of the Mt. Vernon estate, is advertised to be sold at auction in that sleepy old town of Alexandria, on the 18th inst. Washington had five farms, all lying adjacent to each other on the Potomac. "Union Farm," containing 928 acres;" "Pogue Run Farm," containing 649 acres;" "Muddy-hole Farm," containing 476 acres;" "River Farm," containing 1,207 acres, and the small "Mansion House Farm," where his beautiful home and silent tomb look down from a lovely slope on the broad river below it. What portion of this large estate again changes title, the lucid description of the auctioneer does not indicate.

The joint committee of the library have under consideration a proposition to purchase the sword worn by General Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. The sword is offered for sale to the Government by Mr. H. H. Lewis, of Maryland, who has come into possession of it, by inheritance, through Major Lewis, a nephew of General Washington. The action of the committee will doubtless inspire our zealous antiquarians to resurrect a carload of old hachets with which Georgie cut the cherry tree.

Women of Note.

Writing from Paris to the Washington *Republic*, Olive Logan says: "And while we have been chatting of this two great nobilities have passed. Two ladies of short stature, slender figure, pleasant, dark eyes, and especially amiable expression of mouth. Their equipage dark and distinguished, their cattle the finest England's Tattersall's can produce, their servants dressed according to the most exact requirements. Again this is mother and daughter—Mrs. Hungerford and the young Countess Telfener. How strange and how unique a position for a mother to have her two daughters married to the two richest men on earth! The Count Telfener is as rich as Mr. Mackey, and the great Bonanza king is richer than the Duke of Norfolk! Oh, a dozen times richer, in point of fact, if not in point of income than the premier duke, because the latter has a dozen estates to keep up, an army of useless retainers to support, and obligations innumerable dependent upon the title. No doubt Count Telfener has more drains upon him in the shape of Roman palaces, race-course, villas, and soforth, than Mr. Mackey has but still he cannot be so hampered as the Duke of Norfolk. But I was speaking of Mrs. Hungerford, the mother of the Countess and Mrs. Mackey. She is a wonderfully young looking old lady, with soft dark eyes like her daughters and a mass of exquisitely arranged white hair. She occupies a most unique position, really historic, one might say and she bears her honors well. Natural refinement and a good heart save every one of these three ladies—Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Mackey and the Conutess—from that envious criticism which would fain inject some venom in the cup of life, which seems to be for them sweetened so completely, so fully, so unchangeable. All these ladies are good linguists, have distinguished and unostentatious manners, and I venture to assert that no one ever heard a single word pass from their lips in proud allusion to the Pactolian stream which pours its golden flood upon them from every source.

A Curious Story About a Bill.

Curious experiences sometimes overtake railroad conductors. The following is the substance of a story in the Springfield *Republican*, which is strange enough:

"Many years ago, one night while a conducter on the Southern Railroad was taking up fares, a man without a ticket offered him a large bill and he, as conductors are apt to do, took it along, saying he would soon return with the change. The purpose of these delays is to make a study of the bill in a baggage car, and see if it is all right. When he reached the baggage car with the bill McKinney found what he had taken to be one hundred dollars was a bill for one thousand dollors. He returned to the passenger and found that he had shifted his seat. Telling him there was a mistake, that the bill was for $1,000, he was amazed to have the fellow repudiate the whole arrangement. He knew nothing of it, and insisted, and was supported by a friend's testimony, that he had a ticket, and that it had been taken up. Finally Mr McKinney went off with the bill, which the next day he turned into the company, with his explanation. It was deposited here in the Phœnix Bank, as a special deposit, and drew interest for several years, was never claimed, and finally was given to the conductor by the company. The only explanation was that some bank burglars were on the train; that one of them carefully took out the wrong bill, and that it was decided safer to lose $1,000 than to risk being arrested. Probably they thought he knew of the burglary."

Mrs. Martha Washington was a plump, pretty, sprightly little woman in her youth, but settled down into a plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after the servants. She was far from an educated woman, and though she kept her own accounts, was a poor speller.

The Children's Day.

At the session of the Georgia State Sunday school convention held in Macon last May, Gov. Colquitt was present, fresh from the ovation tendered him in Brooklyn at the great children's meeting there. He had seen how well the plan worked at the north, and in an address to the convention he suggested that there be established in Georgia a day to be known as the children's day, to be celebrated every year by Sunday Schools of all denominations. The idea impressed the convention and was referred to the executive committee for consideration and such action as they might deem proper in the premises. The committee have looked fully into the matter, and have concluded that such a day should be set apart. They have determined upon the first of May. It is expected that on this day every Sunday school in Georgia shall join in suitable exercises and make it a sort of day of jubilee for the children all over the State. All denominations are included in the selection of this day and if it is celebrated, as it probably will be, there will be a great gathering of children from one border of the State to the other. It is approved plan for as many schools as can do so to join together in these exercises, but where such combinations are not practicable each school will celebrate the day for itself. There are more than 100,000 regular Sunday-school children in the State, and a grand tournament of them all would be a spectacle beautiful and inspiring. Such a sight is expected on the first of next May. The day will be a time of gladness among the children. It will give to the Sunday-school movement an impetus it never felt before, and will come to be regarded as a holiday expected and long remembered.

"Justice Knox has just returned from a duck hunt. He has been absent two days a Pyramid Lake, and returned with a couple of meadow-larks (killed on their nests) and a cartilagenous duck, purchased from a Chinaman. Why such a blundering old sportsman as Justice Knox is known to be should spend his time wading round in Pyramid Lake, when he ought to be holding court or attending church, it is hard to imagine. With such examples before them men lose their respect for the law, and think nothing of coppering the Christian Sabbath and playing the devil to win." This was brought in early yesterday morning by one of the reporters. Two hours later another reporter received a brace of tender mallards from Justice Knox, and immediately dashed off the following: "As a sportsman, Justice Knox has few equals on the coast. His quick eye, unerring aim and familiarity with the habits of the game birds of Nevada makes him both a hunter and naturalist of the first water. He delights to take his gun and dog on a balmy Sunday and withdraw from the iniquitous influences of a Comstock Sabbath, to commune with Nature, which he loves more than man. Those who imitate his example will become better, nobler and wiser."—[Virginia Chronicle.

"Five of New York's millionaires, estimated to have been worth $308,000,000, dropped off close together," says "Seymour," writing to the Hartford Times, who adds: "John Jacob Astor went first, and then in quick succession Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart and William C. Rhinelander, and now the money-worshipper, Goelet. Astor's wealth was estimated at $50,000,000, Vanderbilt's at $100,000,000, and Stewart's about the same. Rhinelander's properety represented, it is supposed, $10,000,000, and Goelet's is estimated at $20,000,000." Their aggregate wealth, at present, is not estimated.—[New York Mail.

The New Jersey girl is constructed on a liberal scale. Her heart is in the right place, and is big and generous. So are her feet. Her smile looks like the arc of a parabola. Her shoes are built out of doors. It is hard for a foreigner to dance with a Jersey girl and dodge her feet at the same time. A waltz with a Jersey girl has to be danced strictly on the go-as-you-please plan.—[Acta Columbian.

People who give tone to society rarely give anything else.

The Man.

Is a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous—
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his wines,
Why do thousands bend the knee
And cringe in servility,
If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man no whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Tho' he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a whit the worse?

And if a man's no whit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a proud and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

When the Ship Comes In.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, and as she clasps the woman's hand, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now; a care-worn look, and a faint wrinkle ase upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the dockmen, stevedores and loungers about the wharves, whether the brig *Good Luck* has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, for the brig *Good Luck* had been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore, and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—nevermore.

If they told her, she would not believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig *Good Luck* would come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way along the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as much as to say,—

"Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad! Yes, she is mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig *Good Luck;* to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the *Good Luck* in yet?" she asks of a clerk.

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She is expected, of course, to-day?

"Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it. Ellie, dear, look! There's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

"Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am," says the clerk, relapsing into his calculations and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face, and a moan that is heart-rending says,—

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the *Good Luck*. I can see the figure-head. The figure-head of the *Good Luck* is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no, that isn't it."

"But papa will soon come home, won't he mamma?" said the child.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk, and, approaching the woman, says in a kind tone,—

"Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here, and give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter."

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is tired; she has been walking too much."

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms around his neck, and says,—

"You'll tell my papa to come soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, but only half-pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Shelter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather was bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the *Good Luck* will be in to-day."

"Certainly it will. What's to hinder it?" he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking his drawer, he takes out an account-book and begins writing a receipt. Then he goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph operator calls him over.

Click, clickity, click goes the magic instrument, repeating its dot and dash message.

"Hear that?" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman reverently. "I must not tell her."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting; his face is flushed with emotion; some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

"There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh, I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much."

"Here, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candy with." He puts into her tiny, outstretched hand a bright quarter dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

"Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comforts of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good one, too. There's nobody there. Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, "to give this lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that."

Then, pausing a moment, as if propriety and philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind, he said,—

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up in the room here, that's better."

The young man leaves the office again and consults the telegraph operator.

"Send the message at once, Mr. Lindsay, if you please."

He writes something, a long message, a very long message indeed; but the President's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the tired child that she may eat also.

Then Mr. Tawman says,—

"Now you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night."

"No, no!" exclaims the mother, "I must have Ellie with me always, sir. You are good, though; so very good. And is there no news of the *Good Luck?*"

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say."

"It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day."

"I'm sure I hope so with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."

"I know you do," she responded, with a sigh.

"Now go. I'm sorry you have to wake the child, but I suppose you can't help it."

"Come Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child with a start awakens and cries,—

"It is my papa. Dear, dear papa."

Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry; the brig will come in. Don't cry."

The good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down stairs and helps her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonizing inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfmen, and again only receives the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks,—

"Has the brig *Good Luck* come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits down.

When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual, he greets her very kindly, and kisses the little girl, and says,—

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet."

"Will it be in to-day?"

"I hope so."

And then he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has not long been engaged in his correspondence when a scream from the woman startles him. She had risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Here is a ship coming in, look! look!"

"That's not it," says a clerk, "that is a schooner."

"Oh, no," adds Mr. Tawman, "that is not the *Good Luck*."

"It is, it is!"

She darts from the office, dragging the child after her, runs across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water. Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster around the window to catch sight of her.

"The woman is mad," says one. "She's going to drown herself."

Mr. Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator,—

"Is it the *Mary?*"

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers.

"Look, look there. There's a man overboard!" cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that mean?"

"He is swimming like a fish," says a clerk.

"He has landed. Listen to the cheers."

"Look, look!" shouted the operator. "She is hugging him; so is the little girl. It's Capt. Shelter!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman! how she clings to the drenched man! Dear, dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him; "this is good luck, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

"When the man can speak he answers,—

"Yes."

"I planned it all!" chatters old Tawman. "You see I got a dispatch from the Breakwater, saying that Capt. Shelter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner *Mary*. I told her in the car yesterday that the brig would come in, and come it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, Captain, we'll have a talk about business. Come on."

English Gossip.

Some people are very dull, and even clever people can be dull when the matter brought under their notice is foreign to their natural bent. A very curious example of this has been lately instanced by Mr. Frederick Lockyer in his *Patchwork*, a curious little book which contains some of the best things that ever were said—and a few of the worst. This gentleman had a gay and lively friend, but somewhat Leigh-Hunt-ish in his ignorance of practical matters, to whom he told the following story, one that he was quite delighted to find was new to a listener certain to be appreciative. A cook won a lottery prize of one hundred pounds, and when asked how she came to hit upon the lucky number, she thus explained it: "Well, the fact is, I dreamed of the number seven three times, and since three times seven is twenty-three, I bought the ticket." The countenance of Mr. Lockyer's friend remained immovable. "Is it possible my good fellow," he inquired, "that you do not see the joke?" "Oh," said the other, in a disappointed sort of way, "I suppose three times seven is *not* twenty-three, then?"

At the Brighton County Court last week a young gentleman set up, against a claim for goods and money lent, the plea of infancy, and brought his wife and child as witnesses. The judge inquired, with some pertinence, whether his wife had been present at his birth, as otherwise her testimony was invalid. In the end the defendant lost the verdict, and left the court with his wife and family, muttering that "he was an infant, and would pay nothing."

Pending the proceedings for the recovery of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea, another Egyptian speculation has been set on foot for picking up the remains of the French vessels sunk at the battle of the Nile, which, besides the *Orient*, which blew up, were five in number. Aboukir Bay, is seems, is favorable for such operations, and portions of two of the wrecks have been visible until quite lately; pieces of them continually come on shore, and flint-pistols incrusted with barnacles are always to be bought of fishermen in the locality. What the company hope to get is the copper, eighty tons of which, it is supposed, will be obtained from each ship. The French government have waived their rights to it, but the Khedive, as might be expected, wants thirty-five per cent of the salvage.

Highly speculative as this sounds, I had rather go in for it than for the "tea 'bus" which a sanguine fellow-countryman of yours proposes to start in London. This it is hoped will prove a great attraction to ladies in their afternoon shopping—but which, under such circumstances, I fear will be called "slopping." I can understand that the water might easily enough be boiled beneath the seat of the driver (though I shouldn't like to be the driver, especially in the summer months), but the "narrow table in the middle of the omnibus," with cups of hot tea upon it, does not strike me as so feasible. There are, indeed, to be India rubber tires to the wheels to prevent jolting; but supposing one hitches in another wheel, *not* tired, but going at a great pace, would not the tea party be scalded?—*Harper's Bazar*.

True Stories of Animals.

It was very unkind and altogether uncalled-for in the elephant, who was sitting in the farthest chair, when the giraffe entered the barber shop to call out "next!" But the giraffe should not have flown into such a neckstraordinary passion about it, because the elephant was always doing something of that kind. He nearly got into a fight with the hippopotamus, one day, when they met each other in the drug store and the elephant asked the druggist if he couldn't give this fellow something for the wart on his nose. And one night at a town meeting, the anaconda came in late, and the elephant addressed him as "skinny," and it all but broke up the meeting in a row. Oh, yes, the other animals called the elephant all sorts of names, but he is so big that he never gets mad, so it does them no good. They all call him Ben Butler now, because he is so don't care-y, and always manages to say back something a little meaner and in a better-natured way than they can say at him.—*Hawkeye*.

BEAUTY IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists, when Lord Grey was colonial secretary, proposed "to split the difference and call him grey." The Kaffirs themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu king is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding, and, therefore, of high social position; besides, as a Kaffir said to Mr. Shooter, in the event of a famine, a fat person might survive till the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned in Zulu, to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by nature, he broke no bones—whereas, had he been slim, his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.

A railway worked by water power has been recently constructed in Switzerland. It is about 400 yards long, with an incline of 28 degrees.

Electric Lighting.

Several of the London papers published an announcement in the latter part of last October, to the effect that the wonderful Edison intended to visit England this month. But Edison said yesterday at Menlo Park: "It's the first I've heard about my going to England. I have enough to do here without going anywhere else."

Edison evidently has too much to do, although he is "his own boss." His general personal appearance has not changed any in the past year, that is, so far as his old clothes are concerned, but his hair, which is half concealed by his slouch hat, is iron grey, and his face is more refined-looking, doubtless because of his steady application to his work day and night. He is not so funny as he used to be, and wears a quaint air of mystery. He takes little apparent interest in the publications in the daily papers regarding the progress of his experiments, perhaps because it is generally announced at present without his sanction as it was six months ago, and his plans for electric lighting "are now completed."

"I am not going to say anything about the electric light," said Edison. "Only this: Look out there," and he pointed out of a window in his office. "Do you see those telegraph poles? Do you see those yellow wires? Come outside. Do you see those poles over there?" and he pointed in another direction. "Two wires lead to my house, two to Batchelor's, two to Upton's and others to different houses."

"Copper wires?" asked the reporter.

"They look like it," said Edison.

"For the electric light?" asked the reporter.

"I ain't going to say more," answered Edison, decidedly. Then a short spasm of enthusiasm passed over his face and he exclaimed, "I've got those fellows."

"What fellows?"

"The gas men. A good deal of fun has been made of me and the electric light, but I'll notify you when those wires are to be used and the public will be notified too. If I can show in a little while that I have got the right plan, I think I shall have done very well, considering the short time I have been at work."

It will be remembered that the plan of lighting streets and dwellings and other buildings as conceived by Edison differed radically from the system of lighting large areas by means of the electric lamp which has now become familiar in New York and other cities. According to Edison's project his electric lamps are to take the place of the common gas jets and the lighting of large spaces by a strong electric light is not taken into consideration. Edison therefore was obliged to work out a practical scheme of subdividing the electric current so that one machine would support a number of lights; to construct a generator of electricity which would be more powerful than any other machine and yet more economical, and to construct an indestructible lamp or a light-giving apparatus which would not be affected by the intense heat passing through it. There were many other details of the project which needed careful study and repeated experiment. It may be inferred from what Edison said yesterday that as he has put up a net work of wires in Menlo Park his experiments have been so far successful that he feels warranted in giving a public exhibition of the electric light at no distant day.

In speaking of his telephones, Edison said yesterday that his latest telephone, the "Motograph," is about to be extensively introduced in this country, and that he himself has made a large number for use in England, in addition to the heavy order filled a short time ago by Bergmann, the manufacturer in New York of the motographs. By means of this instrument the faintest whispers are transmitted to any distance, and when delivered at the receiver of another motograph, the sounds of the whispers are greatly increased in volume.

Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is President of the Edison Electric Light Company, and the Directors are Tracy R. Edson, James H. Banker, Robert L. Cutting, Jr., Grosvenor P. Lowrey, Robert M. Gallaway, E. P. Fabbri, Dr. James O. Green, J. F. De Navarro, Henry Villard, Thomas A. Edison, and Lewis Roberts. The company has a capital of $300,000 and furnishes the money needed by Edison to carry out his experiments.

A new electric lamp was exhibited in operation yesterday at the factory of Attroux & Hochhausen, manufacturers of electric lighting apparatus at Nos. 2 and 4 Howard street. The lamp is the device of Mr. Charles Sawyer, who exhibited an apparatus called the "Sawyer Man Lamp," about a year ago. The light of this lamp was produced by the heating to a white heat of a slender short pencil of carbon, supported in a hermetically sealed glass tube. The tube was filled with nitrogen gas, and contained at its base a preparation which the inventors claimed would prevent the destruction of the carbon pencil. The lamp exhibited yesterday is a modification of the Werderman and the Sawyer man lamps. The pencil is eight inches long, and is hermetically sealed in a glass tube containing nitrogen, and is fed upward like the pencil of Werdermer's lamp. Mr. Sawyer claimed that the pencil would need to be fed upwards, one-sixteenth to one-thirty-second of an inch once during a period of from nine to fourteen hours, and that the pencil would therefore supply lights for about 15,000 continuous hours. This result, Mr. Sawyer said, was due to an electrical generator of his own design. The total cost of materials for a year's constant use of the lamp would be twelve cents. Three lamps were exhibited in one circuit yesterday and each gave a good light. Any one light may be extinguished while the others remain unaffected. A company, to be called the Eastern Manufacturing Company, is to be organized in New York for the purpose of introducing the new apparatus. Mr. Sawyer said it is proposed at first to provide sets of lamps consisting of from two to six lamps, each set to be accompanied with an electric generator and all necessary apparatus. The lamp is designed to be used in the place of gaslight, and Mr. Sawyer claims that he has accomplished the necessary subdivisions of the light.—*N. Y. World*.

A Right Up and Down Woman.

For once in the history of the Union Depot its roof has sheltered a woman who knew just where she wanted to go, the train she was to take, the hour for departure, the fare, and the time of arrival. She appeared to be about 45 years of age, and she had flat feet, a peaked nose, and a voice which didn't admit of any argument. No notice might have been taken of her among the scores of others had she not inquired the way to the waiting-room and added: "Thank ye, though it's your business to answer all questions! That's all I want to ask of you, and you can continue your promenade!"

"Going out on the train?" queried the officer.

"Would I lug a big carpet-bag down here and stand around in the cold if I wasn't?" she sharply answered.

"Going south, I s'pose?" he queried, as she moved away.

"S'pose away, then!" she snapped, as she lifted her satchel. Entering the ladies' waiting-room she found the seats all taken. A portly man, reading a paper and taking a heap of comfort, occupied one of the seats, and halting before him she dropped her satchel with an awful thud and said:

"Now you git right outer here! This place is for ladies, and you are a great big fat man and orter be ashamed of yourself for crowding in among us!"

"I—ah—ah——!" he began, when she interrupted:

"Then stand up! My legs are tired walking down here, and I'm not going to stand around while you sit down."

"Certainly—allow me—ah—yes!" he stammered as he rose up and gave her the seat.

"That's more man-like," she growled as she settled down, "but it seems to me that if I was you I'd feel sort o' sneaking in here! The more I see of fat men the worse I hate 'em."

The fat man had a wife and two children in there, but he wasn't a minute getting through the door. For the next fifteen minutes the old lady sat very erect and stared around her, and then she started out to get her ticket, lugging her satchel on her hip. A boot-black espied her and called out:

"Shell I carry yer baggage-wagon, Aunt Sary?"

"Boy!" she replied, as she dropped the satchel and reached for his collar, "I haven't got any baggage-wagon, and in the next I'm not Aunt Sary to anybody! If you want your heels jerked over the roof of this depot you just give me the least of sass!"

"'Scuse me, but don't pinch so hard," said the boy, and he squirmed out of her clutch and retreated a safe distance to look at her and rejoice that he was not her son.

She walked up to the ticket-window, put down a lot of silver, and said:

"I want a ticket to Jackson, and I don't want any talk about it! I know why I'm going, how long I want to stay, and who I'm going to see."

Her ticket was handed her without a word, and as she passed on to the gate she said to the official there:

"Tend right to your business! There's no occasion for your asking where I'm going or if I've got a ticket!"

"Pass on, madam," he replied.

"Don't try to flatter me!" she called back. "Your business is to see that passengers git on the right train, and the less you madam around the better it will be for you!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Sleeping.

An uncomfortable position in sleeping will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back with the limbs relaxed would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in weakly states of the heart and blood-vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their gait or walk, stoop, there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy, and retain adhesion of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back, but rest more satisfactorily on the side. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen, and the body rolled a little forward, so that any saliva which may be secreted shall run easily out of the mouth, if not unconsciously swallowed. Again, sleeping with the arms thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because the circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headache during sleep, and dreams.

THE ADRIAN ACCIDENT.—The terrible accident at the Adrian, Mich., fair, whereby so many people were killed and injured, is apt to impress us with the insecurity of temporary structures generally. It is very seldom that they are erected under competent supervision, and often when they do not fall, it is more the result of good luck than good management. We have seen hundreds of people precipitated to the ground in London, and the same result as at Adrian, with less serious casualties, is of frequent occurrence. There should be some authority to prevent the use of such structures until they have been examined and pronounced safe by a competent architect. Then the responsibility of such accidents could be placed on the proper shoulders.—*London Advertiser*.

American Interests Abroad.

We commend, says the London *Echo*, to the consideration of Manchester manufacturers the latest volume of "commercial reports" by her Majesty's Consuls in China. They will there find evidence, if they have found it nowhere else, that the success which for a time attended their efforts to "take in" John Chinaman by selling him sized cotton is now at an end, and that the astute Celestials, however anxious to buy in a cheap market, are not fools enough to be cheated long into buying glue for cotton. They have a proverb that "the conjurer does not deceive the man who beats the gong for him." Masters in the art of adulterating tea and silk, they are too clever to be long deceived by professors in the same line of business. The consequences to English trade and English character are what might be expected. Manchester manufacturers are credited with being makers of shoddy goods and of little else, and the trade in foreign cotton textiles is passing into the hands of the Americans. The port of Chefoo in 1874 imported 438,399 pieces of gray shirtings; last year it imported only 229,463. Though American drill is 40 per cent dearer than English, it is driving the latter out of the market. Of English drills, 14,678 pieces were imported to Chefoo last year, and 58,108 American pieces; 871 pieces of English sheeting and 59,943 American. From Hankow, Ningpo, and other places, the reports are similar. The Lancashire manufacturers by their devotion to size are deliberately shutting themselves out from the greatest cotton markets in the world. The province of Shantung alone has a population of 30,000,000 clothed entirely in cotton. Socks, caps, even shoes and boots are made of the same material. Sedan chairs are often covered with cotton, and wadded curtains of cotton often supply the place of doors in their houses. Yet the number of cotton pieces imported per annum is only 1,000,000. Last year the enormous number of 332,000,000 needles were entered at the single port of Chefoo—a remarkable indication of the vast quantities of cloth which must be made up in the province, and of the extent of the market for cotton fabrics.

Women as Observers.

Notice how Shakespeare's women read the men, and understand them better than the other men do. . . Men are not conscious when they are observed by women, because the survey is made so silently. . . . The glance of an observing woman does not pierce a man at any spot; it surrounds the whole of them at once impalpably. Or sometimes it is one swift flit of her glance across your own, like the shadow of a bat's wing. It is gone before you can declare that she looked at you. But the glance was an estimate; it cost her scarce a second to peruse every inch of you, and to audit a hundred years of ancestry. The glance is withdrawn, and goes into obscurity, like an instantaneous sun-picture, there to deepen into distinctness. Almost every woman has set up a gallery of these impressions, which she shows rarely, and to her trusted inmates alone. But there you are preserved—a simpleton, a rowdy, a gallant, a rogue, a gentleman, . . . In the long run you will generally succeed in justifying all her silent estimates.

A fine woman has not the consciousness that belongs to spies; she is guiltless of the act and the intent to watch us. Men deliberately set themselves to the work of scrutiny; and pay out all the line they have to fathom an associate, and bring up his mud or gold-sand sticking to the sinker. It does not always reach the ground of his being. But clear-headed women envelop other natures as the air which simply exists to drench all objects through their pores, by the stress of miles of heaven's blue piled upon it.—*John Weiss*.

Educational Notes.

Several of the schools of Washington have engaged Miss Corson to give lessons in cookery to their pupils. A committee of citizens, among whom are many teachers, have determined to invite Miss Corson to give a lecture upon the relation of good cooking to health and temperance.

The King's college (England) lectures to ladies are attended regularly by more than five thousand students, and the beginning of these lectures dates back less than two years. Classes are regularly at work in the ancient and modern languages, literature, and history, in mathematics, theology and science.

Superintendent Mabbett, of Rochester, called upon the board of education of that city to order that detail of one or more teachers be required to spend the entire recess upon the grounds and halls of their schools, preventing the children by their presence from indulging in rudeness, cruelty, or profanity.

Kentucky has this year only $1.22 per capita school money, and yet the law requires that each district should furnish five months of instruction before that amount can be drawn. A district which cannot supplement the public funds, and has, say forty pupils, is thus entitled to fifty dollars for the expenses of the five months' school. What sort of teachers will teach for the pittance provided out of this sum?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was once, it is related, applied to by a young man for a position as amanuensis, to whom he replied: "I have no writing to do which I am not competent to do myself with a little occasional aid from members of my own family. I regret not to be able to give you encouragement as to employment in Boston, but the truth is there is next to none of the kind you mention, most of our authors being as poor as rats themselves, and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six."

Gold hunters are busy in the Alps and the Jura. A mine in the Grisons, locally known as "Die Golden Sonne," has been re-opened by some English speculators.

From $400 to a University.

So many munificent private charities distinguish this age that it seems as if Providence had chosen certain men of money-making aptitude to carry out His beneficent designs.

They toil for years, raking gold from a thousand streams. Then they transfer their accumulations into some philanthropic or educational channel, and, for centuries, minister to mind and body.

These gold-rakers may be conscious or unconscious of the divinity which shapes their ends. That matters not, save to themselves, but they, nevertheless, execute the divine purpose.

One of these chosen ones was John Hopkins, of Baltimore. His contribution to the catalogue of munificent charities was the university and the hospital which bears his name.

He was brought up on a Maryland farm, associated with a rare deed of philanthropy. On it, John's grandfather had, before the Revolution, emancipated one hundred slaves. After seven years of hard labor in a grocery store, John began his business career at twenty-four, with a capital of four hundred dollars.

He had, however, in addition to this sum, that which young men sometimes neglect to consider ready assets, but which old merchants view as substantial capital, experience gained by hard service and an aptitude for business. When he died, fifty-four years after he opened his little store, he was worth several millions of dollars, and every cent of it was made honestly.

One of the peculiarities of the young grocer is worthy of the consideration of those beginning a business life. He was willing to start in a small way. Keeping within the limits of his capital and credit, he opened a small store put in it a small stock, and spread out on the counter many samples.

If a customer desired two bags of coffee, instead of the one which John had in stock, he hurried off to the importers and in a few minutes the bag was in the store.

What he bought was always paid for on the day the bill was due. He gained a reputation for promptness, and for that square dealing which never evades the plain sense of a bargain.

Another peculiarity, one which caused him to be misunderstood, was that he habitually declined to sign subscription papers for charitable objects. His friends, even, did not know that he was saving his money for a special purpose, then incubating in his mind.

"My money is not intended for you," was his answer, when asked to give money to advance other people's plans. "It is not mine. *I did not make it.* It merely rolled up in my hands, and I know what for. I must keep to my own work."

Yet John Hopkins gave away a good deal of money to those whom he thought would use it wisely. He frequently forgave a debt, or advanced capital, or pointed out a good investment to deserving men.

A poor widow was trying to make a living. John Hopkins was one of five persons who loaned her one hundred dollars each to stock a small shop. Two years after the loan was returned with interest, and four of the lenders accepted their shares. John Hopkins refused his, saying, "I don't want it. Keep it and lend it again in the same way."

After his death an engraved likeness of the rich man was found hung in many counting-rooms. In each case it hung there because John Hopkins had done the firm some signal service.

Shortly before his death he divided eight hundred thousand dollars equally among sixteen nephews and nieces. "Whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil," he said. His beginning life with a capital of four hundred dollars emphasized the apothegm.

With the rest of his fortune he fulfilled the destiny under whose shadow he had toiled.

That destiny was to found a university, a hospital, and a colored orphan asylum. The university provides free scholarships for young men from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. The hospital, connected with which is a training-school for nurses, cares for the bodies of the wealthy and the poor, of the black and the white. The asylum is for destitute or orphan colored children, who will be provided for until they reach a self-supporting age, when they are to be apprenticed to some trade.

Excuses and Invitations.

Some curious things have been written in response to invitations, or conveying the invitations themselves. A man of letters, traveling in the United States, responded to a literary lady's invitation "to meet some minds at tea" at her house, by expressing his sorrow at being prevented from doing so through having already promised to meet some stomachs at dinner. Whether his excuse shocked American modesty, we do not know; he would have been set down as a very rude man by the English farmer's daughter who, in acknowledging a feminine friend's invitation to go with her to the races, wrote on behalf of herself and her sister: "The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. We girls cannot go for reasons. The attention of the cows claim our assistance in the evening." An impecunious nobleman once declined an invitation to dinner for very pressing reasons. His note was concluded in the following terms: "I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A rascally creditor has had everything I possess taken from me. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you." An all-sufficient one, we should judge.

From a moment a defect can no longer be concealed we exaggerate it.

Dreaming.

No doubt as long as people dream they will continue to talk about their dreams, just as mankind will continue to talk about the weather so long as there is rain and sunshine, heat and cold; and not only talk about, but be more or less curious concerning them. We have no wish to speak about dreams either from a psychological or any other aspect. What it is proposed to do is to record a few facts and observations, with the preface that the greater part of what follows either came under the writer's own experience, or was related to him by friends as having happened to themselves.

The following shows how a dream may be true and yet not true, in a curious way. It was lately told to the writer by one secondarily connected with the circumstances. The narrator occupied lodgings in Edinburgh in company with a friend at the time of the occurrence. One morning, during the winter before last, his fellow-lodger said to my informant: "I had a curious dream about John Fleming last night. I dreamed he was drowned while skating on Dunsappie Loch. I haven't been able to get the thing out of my head. The loch will be bearing to-day. Suppose we walk over after office hours and see the skating."

The two young men took their way in the afternoon to Dunsappie Loch. There, sure enough, among the skaters was their friend John Fleming. Portions of the ice were in but an indifferent state for skating, and the two young men, who were not themselves skaters, warned their friend off the dangerous ground. But the skater made somewhat light of their fears, and showed himself more bold and venturesome than was quite judicious under the circumstances. However, no mischance befell, the skater finished his sport unscathed, and the dreamer of the dream and his companion, my informant—the former a good deal relieved in mind—returned home. While the dreamer was looking over the *Scotsman* next morning, one of the first things his eye fell upon was a paragraph recounting the death on the previous day of a young man named John Fleming, who had been drowned while skating. It was of course some other John Fleming, another young man of the same name.

In the above, though I have changed the name of the chief actor, the circumstances happened as here set down—the form in which they were narrated to me by one in whose good faith I have implicit trust. Some may regard this as a more curious result of the dream than if the friend of the dreamer had been drowned. It would almost seem to show that dreams may make mistakes in the sense of going astray and visiting the wrong people.

A well-known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following. While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honor. On regularly recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labor and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty.

It is not, of course, an uncommon thing for persons to have dreams of this character—for the poet to dream verses, the novelist plots and situations, the barrister causes, the mathematician problems—but it is very rarely that these dreams are of any practical service to the dreamers. They vanish with the waking, leaving only a vague and incongruous memory. We have all heard persons relate how they have successfully wrought out in their sleep some piece of work that has been exercising their mental faculties all day; but the above is one of the few instances the present writer has ever known of a dream of this nature resulting practically.

There are historical examples of the same kind, one of which relates to the poet Campbell, and is not, I think, very widely known. While Campbell was engaged in composing "Lochiel's Warning," he became perplexed as to how he should best put into rhythmical shape an idea which was working in his brain. He had been striving a whole day to find adequate expression for his thought, but night found him still unsatisfied. It will be remembered by readers that Campbell was fastidious and difficult to please in regard to niceties of language. With his mind still running in the same groove, he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept the idea flashed through his brain, clothed in fitting and adequate words. He started up in bed, suddenly wide awake, rose, struck a light, sat down at the table, and instantly wrote the well-known couplet:

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And events to come cast their shadows before."

The poet then went to sleep again. In the morning he made a single alteration in the couplet, writing "events to come," "coming events," the shape in which, of course, the lines appeared in the completed poem.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this requires no argument.

Western Union Telegtaph-Boys.

Let us make the acquaintance of the boys employed by that great corporation, the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose wires extend over every State and Territory, and whose headquarters are in the great building at the corner of Broadway and Dey street in New York. If at any hour of the day or night you enter a door on the Dey street side of this building, about fifty feet distant from Broadway, you will find yourself in a good-sized comfortable room, fitted up with some plain benches, on which are seated a number of the telegraph-boys whom you see so often in the street. The uniforms of the Western Union boys consist of suits of dark-blue cloth with red trimmings, and they wear caps to correspond. In rainy weather, each boy wears a complete covering of rubber cloth, and so, for them an umbrella is never necessary. So rapidly are they expected to do their work, that even the very short time lost in opening and shutting umbrellas is held to be worth considering.

The boys are not paid by the day or week, but so much for each message delivered. This gives every boy an incentive to deliver every message as promptly as possible, and to hurry back for another one. For each message which a boy delivers, he receives two and a half cents, and for each answer that he brings back to be forwarded from the office, he receives three cents. This explains why a telegraph-boy is always ready to wait for an answer. The amount of money which a boy can earn in a day thus depends, it will be seen, on his own activity. It is found that the average number of messages delivered from the main office every day is three thousand, and the average number delivered by each boy is thirty-five. A boy who is a slow walker or inclined to be lazy will not deliver so many, while a very active boy will deliver more. Now, do you know how far a boy will have to walk in a day, delivering these messages and returning to the office? Not less than nineteen miles! And this does not include going up and down stairs, which is no small matter in the business streets, where offices are found all the way from the ground floor to sixth and seventh stories. You may be sure that, to telegraph-boys, elevators are welcome machines.

The messages at the main office are received on the seventh floor, from which run wires connecting with almost all parts of the world. As soon as an operator has written a message that has come in, it is sent down to the ground floor through a tube. On its arrival there, a clerk takes it and writes on it a number, beginning with No. 1, for the first message received each day. It is then put through a steam copying-press, and is next passed to a clerk, who puts it into an envelope, on which he writes the number and the address. This clerk passes it to still another clerk, who copies, on a sheet of paper properly prepared, the number of the message and the number of the boy who is to deliver it.

The distribution of the messages among the boys is made as follows: Each boy, as he comes into the office in the morning, receives what is called a "delivery sheet,"—that is, a sheet of paper with blanks in which to write the numbers of messages, the time of leaving the office, the name and address of the receiver, and the time of the messenger's return. Each messenger is known by his number, and each of them has a pasteboard cover for his "delivery sheet," on which his number is written. These sheets, in their covers, are put into a rack by the side of the clerk last mentioned above, and he always puts a message, when ready, into the cover nearest to him, and calls out the number of the boy to whom it belongs. When a boy comes back from the delivery of a message, he puts his cover into the rack behind those already there, and sits down to wait until it reaches the clerk. Through this method there can be no chance for any partiality, and the sooner a boy gets back to the office, the sooner will another message be ready for him. You can see now, by what you have read, that a telegraph-boy does not lead a lazy life. His hours of duty, if he is a day boy, are from 7 A. M. until 6:30 P. M. Of course, only a few boys are required to deliver messages at night, as a rule. But there are times in the year when a great many messages come in for delivery between 1 and 7 A. M. At such times, ambitious boys are given an opportunity to do extra work. Sometimes a boy can do a good day's work by 8 A. M., and he is then allowed by the superintendent to "lie off," or, as you will better understand it, take a holiday. If a boy in this business does have a holiday, he usually has the satisfaction of knowing that a good day's work and a day's pay have already been set down to his credit.—W. A. Linn, in *St. Nicholus.*

Wise Words.

In virtue and in health we love to be instructed as well as physicked with pain.—*La Bruyere.*

As it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world.—*Pope.*

Most of the evils of life are not the the things which happen, but the things we fear will happen.—*J. Joshua Jenkins.*

No man is so unhappy as he who has no aim in life, and has got no work cut out for himself in the world.—*Joseph H. Barnum.*

Metaphors are often lamps which light nothing, and show only the nakedness of the walls against which they are hung.—*Pericles.*

Perverse human nature makes it common to pull down a man's good name while he lives to build it up after he is dead.—*Nat. Burbank.*

There is no magnanimity in conscience; it is prone to take us at disadvantage. It always wields its whip of scorpions when the soul is scourged by outward circumstances.

A Maryland girl eats a pound of chalk a week to improve her complexion. The corpse may be utilized for blackboard crayons.

Intelligence Items.

Good cotton crops bring flourishing schools in Texas.

Nearly 6,000 cases of shoes are weekly shipped from Lynn, Mass.

In October we had exported this year $278,768,659 worth of produce.

The exports of cotton from Norfolk, Va., for the month of October amounted to $2,057,403.

In St. Louis, thirteen persons out of every thousand die each year. In New York, twenty-eight.

The rice crop of South Carolina for the year is estimated at 44,000 tierces, and that of Georgia at 26,000.

Four thousand nine hundred and ninety-one emigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, in one week.

The largest tobacco receipts for one year ever recorded are rolled up by Danville, Va.—29,000,000 pounds.

The total amount of gold and silver imported to New York, since January, to the 1st of December is $77,184,080.

The principal coal companies of Pittston, Pa., have voluntarily advanced the wages of miners ten per cent.

Kid gloves are not made from kid skin, but of lamb or sheep skins. At present many of them are made of rat skins.

The increase of flouring mills in the four States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, from 1860 to 1878, was from 1,138 to 3,000.

So great has been the demand on the Erie Canal for boats and men to navigate them that the wages of drivers have been nearly doubled.

Senator Jones says that there is not the slightest danger of the silver law being disturbed, and that the redemption of greenbacks in gold and their retirement would not keep an ounce of gold in the country.

Glass sleepers are now being used for railroads in England. The glass is toughened by a new process, and the cost per ton is about the same as that of cast iron, but there are three times as many sleepers in a ton.

Atlanta *Constitution*: The profits of the current crop of cotton should be put into spindles in the country, and into both spindles and looms in the Southern cities. The indications now are that the net profit of the crop will be fifty million dollars.

It is not generally known that when President and Mrs. Hayes visited the last Michigan State Fair the latter was measured for a pair of French kid button boots, which were made in thirty-three minutes. A rival firm on the ground declared that they could have manufactured the boots in twenty minutes.

A copper belt about two miles long and 400 feet wide has been discovered in Maine; silver has also been found in flakes, masses and filaments. A shaft has been sunk, and it is reported that the ore increases in richness with the depth. This is an excellent opportunity for the Greenbackers down there if they only had sense enough to dig.

The U. S. Consul at Buenos Ayres calls attention to the discriminations in tariff against American goods in the Argentine Republic. Up to last year the discrimination against American cotton goods was so great in that country as to preclude even a possibility of our manufacturers trading there, though recently this trouble has been removed, and now American goods are sold in quite large quantities.

In the city of Baltimore twenty-five firms are manufacturing shoes, some quite extensively, and, when busy, from 7,000 to 10,000 pairs of shoes are daily made, giving employment to 3,000 men, women and boys. The average wages range for good workmen is from $10 to $18 per week. Machinery is used on a large scale, and a half dozen firms use steam power.

It Is The Fact—That women do not talk more than men; they are listened to more, that's all. Several married men are ready to vouch for the truth of this statement.

That many tradesmen would make excellent horse-soldiers; they know how to charge so very well.

That most people are always ready to give their opinion. Lawyers, though, prefer to sell theirs.

That lots and lots of young ladies don't know the names of their best friends; some don't know what their own may be a year hence.

That a bad hat taken to an evening party frequently comes out as good as new.

That some husbands, though anything but sharp, are most awfully shrewed.

That, although all good Turks profess such a great horror of wine, yet they are very fond of their Porte.

That many people have something the matter with their hearts; and no wonder, for how can your heart be right if it's left?

That it is much easier for an eligible man to be engaged than to be engaging.

Enterprise is always sure to reap its reward sooner or later. There is Switzerland, for example. It is the smallest country in Europe, and yet it has the biggest mountains. While other countries were squabbling about increased territory Switzerland stuck to real estate, which it rightly considered the highest in the market. This summer over 1,400,000 strangers visited the Alps, and a handsome sum was taken in by the little country in consequence. This visitation exceeds that of any other year, and it is to be hoped that the increased patronage will induce the Swiss to fix up the Alps with all modern improvements and see that no expense is spared to merit a continuance, etc., etc., etc.—*Detroit Free Pres*

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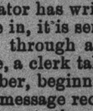
Horse COLLARS,  Harness, Whips,
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For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

TESTIMONIALS:

San Jose, September 24, 1879.
To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities.
A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

San Francisco, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.
C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

San Francisco, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—Gents:
I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 1, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
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We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial agent of the kind that we have used.—*S. F. Medico-Literary Journal.*

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.....DEC. 27, 1879

SEYMOUR FOR PRESIDENT.

Some of the Democratic papers of the East are starting a Seymour boom. This gentleman has made the assertion many times, and made it very emphatically, that he does not wish the nomination, but if he should be the choice of the National Convention, it would be his duty to accept, and he would no doubt do so. There is no man in the Democratic party to-day who could poll a larger vote than Horatio Seymour of New York. He stands without a blemish or spot on his character, and New York would give him a majority that would be overwhelming. The party that carries New York in the coming election, is the party that will win, and if the ticket of 1876 is not to be again put up, then Seymour is the man that can certainly lead the Democratic party to victory. One thing is certain, and the people of the United States are aware of the fact, that if Horatio Seymour occupies the Presidential chair, it will be filled with both honesty and ability of the highest order—something it has needed for a long time.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

The Republican Board of School Directors in San Francisco, anxious to be placed on record as in favor of retrenchment and reform have made a sweeping reduction in the salaries of the teachers in the schools of that city. The larger part of the reduction falls on the teachers in the lower grades, who, although the hardest worked and the poorest paid of all the teachers, are forced to submit to a reduction in their salaries that will not admit of a respectful living from what is remaining. This action of the Directors is in keeping with those of most new officers who are elect upon promises of reduction in the expenses of government. They are pledged to a reduction and so they make it where it is thought the least political harm will be done. The majority of the school teachers are women, and as the women can't vote, they are not to be feared as much as the policemen, firemen, clerks, and others whose ballots would tell against any reduction in their salaries, at the next election.

Among the dispatches of the Associated Press last Tuesday was one to the effect that Hayes had been interviewed and was not averse to the nomination of Grant for the Presidency. What a mighty thing is this orginization known as the Associated Press. But for it the people of this coast might have lived and died, and never known that R. B. Hayes, was not averse to the nomination of Gen. Grant. And what a lucky thing it is for Grant that this man Hayes is not opposed to him. The whole business is now settled. Hayes is not averse to Grant, and Grant will very likely be the nominee.

In one of his recent speeches in Edinburgh, Mr. Gladstone, before a retined audience where many of the gentler sex were present, addressed them as "women," and remarked: "I use the expression women with greater satisfaction than I use the name of ladies."

If it wasn't for that Maine liquor law, the yelling parties might be induced to shake hands and take a drink, and the row would be over.

His Mortal Sin.

There are, said Michael Davitt, 600,000 farmers in Ireland and they earn about $225,000,000 annually, but $160,000,000 of this has to be paid to 300 landlords, who live not there, who toil not and who do nothing for and give nothing to the people for this immense sum which they rob them of. And he further said: "Are we here to listen to any proposal of fixity of tenure or fair rents with periodical valuation? I say that in the face of another impending famine too plainly visible, that the time has come when the manhood of Ireland will spring to its feet, and say that it will tolerate this system no longer. I say we are here to-day to proclaim our determination to work unitedly and to work unceasingly until all the restrictions that militate against the proper cultivation of the soil of Ireland, and against the happiness and contentment of its people are swept away once and forever. We have got to stand on our just rights as given to us by Almighty God. He created this fruitful land of ours, and decreed that those of His people who should inhabit it should live on the land by the fruits of their honest industry and labor. If they propose to you to send you out to Canada, or to Australia, or to Zululand, tell them that you will not go; point to your own fruitful valleys and everlasting hills, and say that you will keep a firm grip, not only of your homesteads, but of Ireland, and this be your answer to these emigration schemes." And for this was he arrested and imprisoned. It is a mortal sin in the eyes of English law to say anything in Ireland against the landlord system.—[Bee.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: Some Democratic statesmen in Washington are exceedingly busy about Democratic candidates for the Presidency. If they would take care of their business in Washington with prudence and sagacity, the National Democratic Convention would find much less difficulty in attending to its business than seems likely to confront it.

Hay is selling for $4.50 per ton in Kern county.

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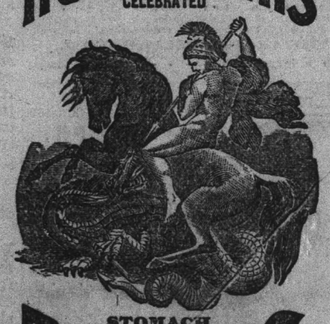

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo. State of California.

ROBERT LEASON vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. E. R. Bush Judge of the said County Court notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent Robert Leason to be and appear before the Judge of the Superior court of the County of Yolo State of California in open Court, at the Court room of said Court, in the Court House, in the said County of Yolo, on the 24th day of January A. D. 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M. of that day, then and there to show cause if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statue in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of December A. D. 1879.

SEAL. D. M. BURNS, County Clerk,
d20-5t by J. C. HARLAN, Deputy.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WHAT AN OLD CALIFORNIAN SAW

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Has lately returned from San Francisco with a plendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and xamine her goods

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Happy New Year.

The College has closed for a two weeks vacation.

The Woodland markets made very fine displays of choice meats on Christmas.

Egg-nogg and Tom and Jerry were very plenty in Woodland about Christmas.

A fine line of Diaries for 1880, at Elston's Drug Store.

Its rather cold weather for ice cream, but they keep it at the candy store next the Postoffice.

Mr. Joran, the well known artist is at present engaged in painting reveral new scenes for Central Hall.

The ground was frozen to a depth of two or three inches this week, and some of the farmers had to stop their plows.

Perfumery and Toilet Articles for the Holidays at Whittemore & Higginson's. *

The Turners will give a grand ball on New Year's eve, which promises to be largely attended. The Ellis String Band will furnish music.

Duck hunting is now the popular amusement, and those engaged in it are enjoying fine sport and bring in large quantities of game.

A Christmas Tree was held at the Congregational Church on Christmas eve. The gifts were numerous and the audience were well entertained.

Remember that Mrs. Hafky has a large lot of toys, etc., suitable for New Years presents, which she is selling at still further reduced rates.

Cohosh and Tar, for Coughs and Colds, at Elston's Drug Store. *

Beamer's Slough has been frozen to a sufficient depth to admit of skating on by one or two of our citizens who are the possessors of a pair of skates.

If you gentlemen who intend making New Year's Calls want some extra fine cards call on Beach in Excelsior Block—he'll do them up in style for you.

Sheriff Barney has wagered the cigars with Postmaster Walker that the ground around Woodland will be covered with snow before the winter is over.

Mrs. Mirasole will not be in Woodland on Wednesday next, but her dancing class will meet one week from that date, when she will be here to instruct them.

"Pine Tree Tar Troches," for all affections of the Throat, at Elston's Drug Store. *

Now that Main street has been graveled wouldnt it be a good idea to put a coat of gravel on some of the sidewalks in our town? They need it, and it wouldn't cost much.

Levi Leland, Grand Lecturer of the I. O. G. T., has been delivering lectures in Woodland this week to good houses. It is needless to remark that the lectures were free.

Baptist Church services in Washington Hall, Sunday morning and evening. Subject at 11 A. M., "Universal Perversity of the Human Mind." At 7 P. M., "The Rich Fool." Sunday School at 12 M.

The Warden of the Hospital was the happy recipient of two fine turkeys for Christmas. One was presented by Mrs. Grace Harlan, and the other by A. D. Porter & Co., and the way the table was cleaned showed something of the gratitude of the Warden and the inmates.

We return thanks to E. Berg the popular newsdealer for a copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1880. It is elegantly gotten up, and profusely illustrated, and he has plenty more of them, as well as large variety of papers and magazines, for sale at publisher's rates.

We notice our corespondent "Rebecca" in town this week. Owing to the fact that her little son has been confined to his bed for 10 weeks with typhoid fever, she has not been able to furnish the STANDARD with one of her interesting communications for some time. She promises to send us one in the near furture however.

Hales' Honey of Horehound and Tar is the best known remedy for Coughs and Colds. For sale at Whittemore & Higgison's Drug Store. *

COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT.—A very pleasant entertainment was given at Washington Hall on Monday evening last for the purpose of raising the necessary amount to have a view of Hesperian College placed in the forthcoming History of Yolo County—the publishers of this work having offered to place the view there for the simple cost of making the lithograph. With a few exceptions the programme was well rendered throughout. The songs by Miss Saunders, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Goin and Mrs. Elston were well rendered and greatly enjoyed, as were the instrumental pieces by the Misses Lasley, Miss Edwards, and others. We would state, without malice remember, that a negro character, unless exceptionably well played, is not very entertaining to an audience, and we incline to the opinion that this part of the programme would have been better had the curtain been down during its rendition. The net proceeds of the entertainments were $30.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco

The Library.

The Town Trustees held a meeting last evening for the purpose of taking a vote on the proposition of the ladies of the Library to turn that institution over to the town. All the members of the Board were present and the vote was unanimous against the acceptance of the proposition. Mr. Viers, the President of the Board, stated that while he, personally was in favor of the acceptance of the proposition, he had interviewed a large number of business men of the town and found them to be opposed to the transfer. The reason, in nearly every case, was that taxes are already high enough. Mr. Rhodes was inclined to favor the proposition, but on learning that there was such a universal feeling against it, he should not vote for its acceptance. Mr. Nickelsburg's views were about the same. No fault was found with the proposition by these gentlemen, but they claimed that they were representing the people in this matter and had no alternative.

The suggestion was made, and we think it a good one, that at the election for town officers in May next, that an expression of the voters be had as to whether they want the Library to be placed in charge of the town or not. It seems strange that a town of the size of Woodland, that can support over twenty saloons, should not be able to stand the necessary tax to keep up a free library. The ladies have worked and struggled for the past five years to keep this Library in running order, and it is now time that the town should take charge of it. We will venture the opinion that a majority of the citizens opposed to the transfer spend five times the amount of the extra tax it would take to support the Library, in "pedro," etc., every month. They are very anxious for the Board to pass an ordinance to keep the boys off the streets after dark, but they are not willing to provide a resort for them. We believe a majority of the citizens of Woodland are in favor of the town having control of the Libaary, but those opposed to it are the loudest talkers and overshadow the majority. Let the ladies make one more effort. At the next town election have a vote taken on the question, and there need be no fear of the result. When the people get wide awake on a subject they are most always right.

A few more years of journalistic experience will do the editor of the STANDARD good, and we trust teach him discretion.—[Democrat, 22d inst.

If you call discretion the art of publishing a paper in a live community for a number of years without ever expressing an opinion on any subject of interest to the people of the community, then we don't care a cent about learning discretion. If keeping on the fence all the time, watching with a keen eye to see which way the feline is going to migrate, is discretion, then we are of the opinion that the editor of the *Democrat* has a monopoly of that article in this part of the State. The local department of the *Democrat* is always well filled and a credit to any paper, and it is edited by a young man who has had no more experience than we have, while old "Experience" throws himself on the editorial page, and makes a most miserable failure.

A Knight's Landing correspondent of the *Mail*, who is a "stalwart," wants JUO. A. Logan and Newton Booth for his ticket next year, and would like to see Geo. C. Gorhan ostracised by the Republicans. Now we would like to know what the difference between these two "Bolters" is that one should be kicked out and the other placed in nomination for the Vice-Presidency. They both bolted the party on the same issue—the Railroad—and they now occupy the same position; that is, they have withdrawn their objections.

Mr. John Plummer, of Knights Landing was taken with apoplexy while near the Woodland race course yesterday afternoon, and was found lying by the side of the road in an insensible condition. He was conveyed to the residence of J. Sovereign, in this city, where he now lies in a critical state, his right side being paralyzed.

The Solano *Herald* tries to make a Democrat of Jas. C. Harlan, who has been a clerk under D. M. Burns for two years in the County Clerks' office of this county, and has been appointed by that gentleman to a position in the office of the Secretary of State. Jimmy is a Republican, and deserves the appointment.

A gentleman who reads the *Democrat* said the other day that the subscribers to that paper ought to tender a vote of thanks to the STANDARD as it had been the means of causing a real editorial to appear in the *Democrat*, which was something that had not occurred before in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." If they were certain that the article did not have its origin outside of that office, we think the thanks would be tendered in due form.

Some of our Republican exchanges are quarreling about the appointment of Thos. Reynolds as Deputy Sec. of State, saying that he is a Democrat. It's not so. He used to be when he was young and unsophisticated, but since he has got to be a professional politician and learned how to pull wires and manipulate conventions, he has crossed over into the Republican ranks.

It is said the bites of skunks are fatal at certain times. We hope some philanthropic individual will select one of these times and plant a good fat one in the *Woodland Democrat* editorial chair.—Vallejo Chronicle.

From the looks of the editorial page of the *Democrat* we are of the opinion that the skunk would grow gray with age and lose all his teeth before he would get a chance to bite anybody.

Geo. C. Gorham stands at the magazine of the Republican party, and says "if you fellows out there in California put on too much style I'll blow the whole business higher that Gilroy's Kite.". And the "fellows" keep quite, and the only sound to be heard is the gritting of Pixley's teeth.

It is said that the new time table of the C. P. R. R. will go into effect to-morrow, but don.t place too much faith in the item, as you have been fooled several times on this thing.

Mr. Edgerton closed his argument in the Dresbach case yesterday. Mr. Ball makes the closing speech this morning, and then the case will go to the jury.

A division of Los Angeles county is spoken of, with Santa Ana as a new county seat.

The inauguration ball will take place in Sacramento, Tuesday evening, January 13th.

Mail and passengers between Bodie and Mammoth are carried on sleighs.

Competitive Examination.

Secretary Thompson, of the Navy, in a recent interview, thus expressed himself on competitive examinations:

Do you still keep up competitive examinations?

No; I have abandoned them. Competitive examinations for places like those I have to fill are farces. It isn't the man who can answer the most questions accurately that will make the best Paymaster. Some of the candidates are crammed for the examination by teachers who know the line of inquiry that will be followed, and these hot-house plants will always come out ahead in a competitive examination. Here, awhile ago, we had a young man who answered every question correctly. It was a most astonishing thing. He gave the names of all the Popes, and the years of their reign, how old they were when they died, and their entire pedigree. He answered the most difficult questions with amazing accuracy, and on the whole was quite a phenomenon; but I don't think he will make any better Paymaster for all that. What I want to get at in these examinations is the kind of stuff that the candidates are made of, and I have them asked the questions that will develop the amount of common sense that they have got. Why, I have seen lists of questions to be put to candidates that the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and both Houses of Congress couldn't answer, unless they had prepared themselves especially for it. That sort of examination is absurd, and the man that can answer the greatest number of these questions correctly won't always make the best Pay master.

It ought to be borne in mind by Republican newspapers and correspondents, the Atlanta *Constitution* suggest, that the constitutional rights of Congress in counting the Electoral votes are not altered by the fact that both chambers are Democratic.

Some of that fine old Peach and Apple Brandy at Elston's Drug Store. *

Wendell Phillips on the Press.

In the course of a lecture recently delivered by Wendell Phillips, he thus compared the press of the early part of the century with the same prodigious popular power of this period:

The Press seventy years ago was nothing. The battle of Waterloo, the greatest event in European history for the last hundred years, only gained one-third of a column for its record in the London *Times*. When you go back prior to the battle of Waterloo, the London *Times* consisted of nothing but advertisements and news. It never ventured an opinion, engaged in no discussions, had no leading articles, no editorials. I remember well that when Harrison died in 1840—an event which, considering its party relations, was exceedingly critical and important in the history of the country—when the news of it reached Springfield Ill., ten days after the President died, Abraham Lincoln, arguing a case in Court when the news entered the Court room, denied it on the ground that it was not possible that it could have been known so soon. To-day you buy a paper in the street and you read the words that Queen Victoria is at that moment speaking to her Parliament, or you can buy an evening paper and read what Bismarck said before dinner. Such is the enterprise, the vast sweep covered, that it makes humanity one. The man that reads the papers has a telegraphic wire that connects him with the world, and the man that does not might as well be Robinson Crusoe on the island.

The Press is the exclusive literature of the masses. To the millions it is literature, church and college. Four men out of five never read a book, or it would be hardly too much to say that, speaking generally, four out of five seldom read a book. The daily Press is to them parent and school, church and college, counselor and amusement. Old Fletcher Saltoun of Scotland said, with infinite sagacity, "Let me make the ballads and I care not who make the laws." To-day, if he lived, he would change his utterances to "Let me make the newspapers and I don't care what is preached in the pulpit or what is enacted in Congress."

And no doubt the material prosperity upon which we so pride ourselves, the infinite invention, the total subjugaton of nature in its forces to the will of man, the elevation of man above the drudgery of work which marks our race in this country, is almost exclusively due to the intellectual development which has resulted from the Press. It is the trained mind which the Press produces. It if not the information solely that it communicates, it is the training of the mind it administers, that results in the alertness, sagacity, wide-awake, persistent, and unconquerable efforts to subjugate nature, and in the course of two or three generations it has actually changed the brain of the race.

An Old Feud.

Some astonishment has been expressed that Egypt, in the impoverished state of her treasury, should go to war with Abyssinia. It is not Egypt that has forced the war however, but Abyssinia. The feud is one of old standing. The New York *Truth* remarks concerning it, that "a learned Egyptian archæologist, when seeking a subject upon which to write a libretto for an opera, by order of the ex-Khedive, chose that of a war between the Egyptians and Abyssinians, which happened fifteen centuries before the birth of Christ. The opera was 'Aida,' and the plot of that work turns very much upon the same series of incidents that mark the inauguration of the present war between Egypt and Abyssinia. Thirty-four centuries have elapsed, yet these two nations find their enmities unchanged."—[Call.

Helmbold's Medicinal Preparations.

Helmbold's various medicinal preparations have for the last twenty or more years occupied a prominent place on the shelves of every respectable druggist and physician in in the land. The skill displayed in their preparations, the invariable promptness and efficiency of their action, the absence of nauseous and disgusting taste or odor, and the attractive manner in which they are put up, have made them universal favorites. Especially is this the case with Helmbold's famous Buchu, a medicine which has become indispensable in the treatment of a large and troublesome class of diseases, particularly those which effect the digestive and urinary organs. As a diuretic, it is invaluable, and the great advantage it possesses over other preparations is the absolute purity of the ingredients, and the uniformity of strength. Parties purchasing should be careful to see that Helmbold's proprietary stamp is affixed to each bottle.

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SILVERWARE,

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Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

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Capital Paid up, $450,000.

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Eight Pages

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Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

F. W. BEACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO D. L. HACKETT.)

Practical

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Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases, caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel, or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

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SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

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Two doors west of Express Office.

Main Street, Woodland.

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THE WOODLAND STANDARD

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor

Love's Influence.

The drooping spirit, pining in distress,
Is oft supported by a deed or word;
True, it may be a maiden's sweet caress,
Or e'en the gentle twittering of a bird.

When, in the depths of such a sorrowing heart,
Feelings and thoughts akin to pain arise,
Even but a flower may relief impart,
And prove a blessing lasting to the skies.

Could we but know the woes that others feel,
Could we but taste the bitter draught of theirs
Then would we strive their broken hearts to heal,
And by affection soothe their troubled cares.

Oh! speak not harshly to the anguished soul,
But strew love-tokens o'er life's rugged steep;
And in that world where years eternal roll,
Spirits will rise and on thee blessings heap.

—*Waverley.*

Three Wrecks.

Calamities at sea are unhappily of frequent occurrence; but seldom is the community shocked by a series of marine disasters such as that which has taken place within the last few weeks. Two of the catastrophes occurred upon the same day. The total loss of the Champion five minutes after she came into collision with the Lady Octavia involved a terrible loss of life. The encounter of the Arizona with the iceberg fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than considerable damage to the vessel. The capsizing of the Petrel in mid-ocean was attended with the scenes of protracted horror that mark a wreck where there are a number of survivors left to battle with storm and starvation until a tardy succor arrives.

Fortunately, the most important of these vessels, and that which carried the largest freight of human life, was the one that was spared. The Arizona is a steamship of the Williams & Guion Line, and sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 4th of November, having on board 300 souls, all told, passengers and crew. The first days of the voyage from New York had been very favorable. The weather was clear and pleasant and the ocean as placid as an inland lake. The first day the ship made 380 miles, the next 363 miles, and the log of the third day showed a similar result. The Arizona was now well off the Banks of Newfoundland, and one day more would have put her beyond their ice-infested shores. Under these circumstances, Captain Thomas Jones, who commanded, felt justified in running his ship at full speed. On the night of Friday, the 7th, the vessel was in charge of the officer of the watch, John Wynn Jones, Captain Jones having left the bridge at nine o'clock. All was then safe, and as the night, though overcast, was not dark, no danger was apprehended. Ten minutes later the ship, going at topmost speed, plunged head on into a mountain of ice. The huge vessel trembled like an aspen leaf, and recoiled, but again advanced and struck the iceberg, but fortunately with diminished force. The first blow had stove in her bows, crushing them as though they were made of card-board. Tons of ice fell upon the decks, or were forced through the gaping hole in the bow. Full fifteen feet of the iron-work had been broken, bent, twisted, and forced inward, leaving an awful chasm, through which the waves dashed. It was as though a huge cutter had chopped off the bows, leaving the hull exposed.

The sight that met the passengers' eyes was well calculated to chill the bravest heart. Towering above the steamer's bows rose a huge iceberg, threatening her with instant destruction. Out of the submerged field rose three huge cone-shaped masses sixty or seventy feet into the air. There was danger that one of these would topple over and crush the ship into a shapeless mass. In the few moments which followed this discovery men seemingly lived years of agony. The affrighted sailors of the watch fled behind the bridge, and thinking only of their own safety, set to work to launch one of the boats. One of these men wept in abject terror; another spread dismay among the more frightened passengers by stating that the ship was sinking rapidly. Unfortunately, appearances but too well justified his statement, for the steamer, on striking the iceberg, listed heavily to starboard, and sank visibly forward, creating the impression that she was settling at the bows, which, broken and twisted, no longer offered a barrier to the in-rushing water which rapidly filled the fore-peak. Between the passengers and destruction there stood only the slight barrier formed by the collision bulk-head, but at first it was impossible to tell whether it had not also been driven in. Should it prove so, all on board the Arizona were doomed to death. A hasty examination revealed the fact that the bulk-head had not given way, and that the forehold was free from water. A boat was then lowered, and the first officer proceeded to examine the breach in the bow. When he made his report, it was announced that the ship would lie to for the night, and that in the morning measures would be taken to repair the damage. Subsequently, on consultation with Mr. Guion, one of the owners, who with several members of his family was on board, it was decided to make for St. Johns, Newfoundland, the nearest port of refuge. This news was joyfully received, as there was a strong impression that the ship had received more damage than the officers were willing to admit.

As soon as the excitement had become somewhat allayed, the passengers assembled in the saloon, and, at the suggestion of the Rev. J. M. Ross, all knelt in prayer, to return thanks for their deliverance from imminent death. All joined in the hymn, "'Praise God, From Whom all Blessings Flow," with a deep and earnest fervor. During the remainder of the night very few persons went to bed, but kept watch in the saloon, till, worn out by fatigue, they dropped asleep on the seats. The weather continued perfectly calm, and the disabled ship made good headway toward St. Johns. At eight in the evening the lights on the coast were sighted, and by ten o'clock the town lights could be distinctly seen nestling in the shadow of the rocky coast. Signal guns were fired, but no notice was paid to them from the shore. In the morning a pilot came off and brought the Arizona safely in. Her arrival created an immense sensation, and thousands of people have visited her at Shea's Wharf, while she lies waiting for repairs.

The story of the loss of the Champion is one that can be told in a few words, so sudden was the catastrophe, and so terrible the fate that immediately overwhelmed the unhappy vessel. The Champion belonged to the New York and Charleston Line, and sailed from her pier in this city at five o'clock on the evening of Thursday, November 6. The voyage from New York, up to the moment of the disaster, was wholly without incident. The night was quite clear and star-lit, and the steamer passed Sandy Hook soon after dark. Supper being over, most of the passengers retired to the state-rooms, which were on deck. At three o'clock in the morning Captain Lockwood, having seen the vessel safely past the Jersey coast, lay down with his clothes on. Six minutes later he was made aware that a sailing vessel was ahead, close at hand. He went immediately to his wheel-house, stopped the engine, and then backed the steamer; but before the Champion's headway could be stopped, the two vessels had collided. The Lady Octavia, according to the officers of the Champion, struck the latter vessel on the starboard side, near the cat-head, driving her bow clear through the latter's walls, and the two vessels were locked together for several seconds. The Champion then fell away, owing probably to the reversal of her wheels, for Captain Lockwood had given his engineer the signal to back. The passengers and all the crew, except those who were on duty, were asleep at the time the accident occurred. The whole stem of the Champion was torn out, while the Lady Octavia, which was an iron full-rigged ship, escaped without serious damage.

It was a few minutes after three o'clock when the two vessels came together. The Lady Octavia's sails were immediately furled, and a boat with four men in it was lowered and sent to the assistance of the drowning passengers and crew of the Champion. The search was continued until daylight, and resulted in the finding of seventeen men and one woman. The Lady Octavia had then drifted a long way from the topmast which was sticking a few feet out of the water, marking the spot where the Champion went down. No more persons could be found, and the Lady Octavia's boat was recalled. The boatswain was sent to the mast-head with a glass, and after a long, careful survey he reported that there were no signs of other survivors. The order was then given by Captain James Johnson to make sail, and the Lady Octavia headed for Philadelphia. She was in a leaking condition, and word went around soon after the collision that she was sinking. Her two life-boats were swung on the davits, and preparations made to abandon her, when the carpenter, who had made an examinaion, reported that there was no immediate danger, for the damaged bulk-head was still in a sound enough condition to keep her afloat. The Lady Octavia's bows were badly damaged. On the port side were two large holes, one above the water six feet in diameter, and the other below the water almost half as large. On the starboard bow was a great crack eight feet in length. Imbedded in her figure-head was the brass hawse-pipe of the Champion. On her way up Delaware Bay, and when off Lewes, she signaled for assistance, and a tug responded and towed her to Philadelphia, where she arrived about noon. A Norwegian bark, which hove in sight as the Lady Octavia left the scene of the collision, picked up six men, four of whom were passengers on the Champion.

Few vessels have ever had to contend with a severer storm than that which accomplished the destruction of the Petrel. In the case of the Champion, succor was at hand, but the first help that came to the miserable survivors of this ill-fated vessel, reached them days after the terrible disaster occurred. The Petrel was capsized on the 29th of October. On Monday, November 3, the first mate on board the Austrian bark Rebus, sailing between London and New York, discovered the hull of a vessel about half a mile to windward. As he caught sight of the wreck a low sound resembling a cry for help fell upon his ear, and he immediately informed Captain Ivancich of his discovery. By the time the captain got on deck the cry for help was quite distinct, and something red had been hoisted on a pole.

"Man the small boat," the captain shouted, and five seamen and Mate Reda promptly obeyed. Quite a heavy sea was running at the time, and there was a great danger of the boat capsizing, but the experienced seamen kept her from doing so. Upon coming alongside of the wreck, over which the waves were washing, they were horror-stricken to hear from six men then on board that they were the only living of a crew of twenty-one, and that twelve of the fifteen dead were there—in the cabins and forecastle. The survivors, who saved nothing but the clothes they wore, were taken on board the Austrian bark and cared for. Some of them were too feeble to walk, and had to be carried. After all were safe on board, another trip to the hull of the vessel was made to establish the fact that no one had been deserted. As they were about leaving her for the last time, a heavy sea struck the hull on the port side, and as it recovered from the shock, two dead bodies were forced up through the main hatch. The flesh on their faces was almost all torn from the bones, rendering both unrecognizable. The crew attached a weight to the bodies, and they sank.

The story of the Petrel's struggle with the gale that capsized her, as told by the survivors, was one of intense horror. On the 25th of October she left New Bedford, with a miscellaneous cargo, for Bravo, Cape de Verde Islands. She was commanded by Captain Fisher, a part owner of the vessel, and had on board twenty-one persons, seventeen of whom were to do the work of seamen in part payment for their passage. On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th, the gale first struck the vessel. By noon it blew stiffly, and several sails had to be "winged." The wind then suddenly changed to the southeast, causing a heavy chopped sea for about an hour, through which the schooner labored heavily, and shipped large quantities of water. As night closed in, threatening clouds totally obscured the light of the moon, making the situation more critical. For the safety of the craft all sails were taken in, and she scudded before the gale under bare poles. At half past ten in the evening the wind veered to the northwest, blowing a hurricane. A terrific sea was running, and it required every effort of the crew to keep the vessel from falling into the trough of the sea and being water-logged. The waves washed the decks, and every one obliged to be above was in imminent danger of being washed overboard. By the morning the decks were washed clear of everything movable, and part of the mainmast had been carried away. The fury of the storm was increasing every minute, and Captain Fisher, who was still at his post, was not backward in expressing to his men his conviction of the terrible fate in store for them. At precisely five o'clock a terrific gust of wind struck the Petrel broadside. A crackling of timber was heard, and the remainder of the mainmast fell over the side of the vessel. A few minutes later the other mast was snapped by the gale. As it fell it struck the first mate (then at the wheel), cutting off all the fingers of the right hand, and knocking him senseless. Suddenly the vessel veered, the rudder-chains rattled, and she fell into the trough of the sea. The wildest excitement prevailed, and the captain, unaware of the accident to the man at the wheel, was at a loss how to act. Many hands were ready, but knew not where to render assistance. Five minutes after the accident to the first mate, a high roller struck the schooner, completely capsizing her. The scene after this was one of terrific horror. Between the time of the disaster and the rescue, those of the crew that were not already destroyed, suffered all that can be imagined of torture. Hunger and thirst beset them, and the mind of the mate gave way, so that when his companions approached him, he shouted at them as monsters who were seeking his flesh to eat. Scenes like these have been frequently described by writers facile in the use of their pen, but no fiction ever equaled the simple story plainly told by the men rescued by the Rebus.

This last disaster was one apparently that no human foresight could avert, but in the cases of the Arizona and Champion a more careful watch might have prevented both calamities. One of the few good results that have come from these awful catastrophes is the discussion that has arisen regarding the use of scientific instruments and electric lights as safeguards to vessels at sea. In the course of a recent lecture, Mr. R. A. Proctor indicated a practical application of Mr. Edison's microtasimeter, which is worth noting as a valuable suggestion. The tasimeter, as is well known, is an instrument of such precision in the measurement of heat that the slightest fluctuations of temperature—those ordinarily not appreciable even by our finest medical thermometers—are accurately registered. Mr. Proctor would apply this invention to prevent such accidents as that which has just happened to the Arizona, imperiling many lives. As the proximity of an iceberg is necessarily accompanied by some descent of temperature—probably a sufficient descent to be registerable by the instrument—he would place a tasimeter on board steamers whose pathways cross the track of icebergs or floes. More than this, he thinks the tasimeter might be so arranged that the alteration of temperature should either break or complete an electrical circuit, and be applied in this manner to the purpose of sounding an alarm, ringing a bell in the captain's room, in a word, piping all hands on deck to meet the emergency. Furthermore, as an electrical generator can be run on board a steamer without extra expense, it would require very little ingenuity, and no outlay for attendance, to convert the alteration or descent of temperature into a means of illuminating the track of the vessel with the blaze of an electric beam. Such a light, with such ordinary vigilance as seamen are bound to exercise, would have prevented the almost catastrophe to the *Arizona*, without depending upon a tasimeter to sound an alarm or ring a bell. Mr. Proctor's suggestion is no doubt ingenious, but, as the New York *Times* justly remarks in discussing it, "old sea-captains bear pretty general testimony to the very natural inference that all inventions intended to act as substitutes for human vigilance eventuate in the end in more loss than gain to human safety, by engendering false confidence, carelessness, and neglect of necessary precautions."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Etc."—We read in a summary of current prices that "hair is falling off." It is good news for the wig interests.

Nobody should complain of seasickness when he considers that even the ocean is confined to its bed.

A recent African explorer writes of ants one inch long. They must be giants.

It has hitherto been confidently believed that a feather bed is a reliable place of safety in a thunder storm. But that belief is shattered by the fact that a goose was recently struck by lightning in New Jersey.

Murders are becoming so frequent in this country that we shall soon be known as an assassi-nation.

People who struggle to the tops of the Swiss mountains are those who may be said to most enjoy a foreign climb.—BAYARD, in *Bos. S. E. Gaz.*

The man with the straw hat is still about, and he sneaks along the streets with the pained and startled look of one who is expecting Gabriel will suddenly sound the last horn, but keeps hoping that he won't.

Lord Carington on Entail.

When the Marquis of Hartington declared that it is time to ask whether the English land system has not broken down, all England was surprised. Lord Hartington is the heir of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the largest land-owners in England. The Marquis of Tavistock, the heir of the Duke of Bedford, has expressed similar views, and more recently still Lord Carington—the owner of 25,000 acres, and having a rent-roll of $200,000—has been still more outspoken. The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives, in a recent letter, a tolerably full outline of his views.

The great evil of the present system, according to Lord Carington, is the fact that large estates are entailed. An entail is a feature of English law which permits an owner of real estate to settle it inalienably upon his descendants, that is, so that it cannot be alienated or sold, must descend by inheritance to his heirs, in some prescribed manner. The usual course is for the inheritance to be limited to heirs-male in the order of their birth. The nominal owner of the land is really but a life-tenant. He can mortgage the land under certain circumstances, he can let it run to waste or drain the soil of all its fertility, he can cut down the timber, but he cannot sell an acre, even for the purpose of paying off a mortgage or improving the rest of the estate. His predecessor may have handed down to him an estate so hampered by indebtedness and so impoverished by mismanagement, that the owner of a vast estate may really be a poor man, without either credit or ready money. However great his desire to help his tenantry, his own necessities compel him to demand the highest rent that he can possibly get, and to refuse to make any improvements which are not imperative.

The argument in favor of this system is, of course, that it prevents improvidence and the wasting of large estates by reckless spendthrifts. But Lord Carington replies to this that the facts are that a man does not usually succeed in his estates until middle life, when he has sowed his wild oats and is disposed to settle down. And even if it were true that a few spendthrifts were thus kept from squandering their substance in riotous living, it is folly for this to hamper all the landed proprietors of England, and to prevent men who are anxious to better their land and lighten the burdens of their tenantry from carrying out their wishes. Free trade in land, Lord Carington declares, is the only solution of England's agricultural problem.

These words were spoken by Lord Carington to his tenants at a dinner on his estate. They have drawn a howl of rage from the Tories. The *argumentum ad hominem* has been freely used, and the noble lord has been reminded that his family name is Smith, that his peerage is only eighty years old, that his family's fortune was-made in business, that he has hitherto been best known as a boon companion of the Prince of Wales, etc. All of which things are, of course, very satisfactory answers to his indictment of the present land system.

The question is one on which the people of Great Britain will soon act, through Parliament, and though the right of entail and the law of primogeniture may not be abolished altogether for many years to come, there can hardly be a doubt that they will be so far modified that the worst evils of the existing system will be mitigated.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

The nine hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the art of painting on glass has been celebrated at Tegernsee, the Bavarians claiming the invention for the Benedictine Abbey there. Prof. Sepp has written a pamphlet for the occasion, maintaining the assertion. Five stained windows have been unearthed in the church of the village, which have been put in to commemoratuol event.

As sins proceed they multiply, like figures in arithmetic; the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

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A thrifty father took his boy to a doctor. "If you can cure him for less than the funeral expenses," said he, "go ahead; but if you can't, sonny will have to take his chances."

In a severe gale a lady asked a neighbor if he was not afraid his house would blow away. "Oh, no," was the answer; "the mortgage on it is so heavy as to make it impossible."

An Irish Advertisement.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe-store with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

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First Boy—"Where yer bin Billy?" Second Boy—"Bin fishin'." First Boy—"Ketch anythin'?" with anxious expression in his face. Far-seeing Second Boy—"No; but I expect ter, when I git in the house."

Priest—"You drunken sot! The very beasts of the field give you a lesson! They leave off when they have quenched their thirst." Paddy—"Yis, yer riv'rence; but where did the bastes iver come across a starame o' whisky?"—[Punch.

A physician, finding a lady reading ing "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctor's patients?" "No," she answered, "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

"Never kiss a girl if she doesn't want you to," says an article on the "Art of Kissing." But pretty often when a girl says she doesn't want you to kiss her is the very time she does want you to, and you'd better take the benefit of the doubt.

A boisterous, ill bred fellow, in a dispute, called his adversary "no gentleman!" "I suppose you think yourself one?" was the reply. "Certainly I do," answered the bully. "Then," said the other, "I am not offended that you don't think me one."

Some relations once paying a Lancashire old lady a visit, and prolonging their stay beyond her contemplation or wish, were somewhat taken aback one morning, before they were up, by hearing her call out loudly on the stairs, "A fine morning for cousins to go home!"

"Don't you want a phonograph?" "A what?" "A phonograph. One of those things that talk back at you." "Oh, no; I have had one of those things that talks back at me for the last fifteen years, and one's enough for any well-regulated family." Exit phonographic agent.

Governess (desiring to explain the word "enough"—"Now suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweet cake she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)—"Kittens."—[Marion (Ohio) Mirror.

A divinity student electrified his examiner recently by his brilliant reply to the question: "How many and who were the minor prophets?" "There were twelve," was the answer; "and they were so called because their prophecies were written before they attained their majority."

A sensitive man would rather face a loaded cannon's mouth than have a contribution-box shoved under his nose when his sweetheart is eagerly watching him, and he knows there is no money in his pockets. That is what makes so many of our young men look old and careworn before their time.

"And how is me father, your riverance?" "Your father has his head and shoulder out of purgatory. I think another half-crown, Patrick, would liberate him." "Och, thin, I'll put me money in me pocket. If me father has his head and one showlder out of purgatory, the divil himself can't howld him there."

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said the Widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when little Jack Horner was sayin' to our Jule that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I bust 'em."

A teacher, endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end, where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child; "why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

"That passage in your novel doesn't seem particularly new, you know." "Well, maybe it isn't; but then what does Solomon say? 'Nothing new under the sun,' you know. Take up any book you like, and I defy you to find in it a single word, a single syllable, a single letter even, that hasn't been used over and over and over again."

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling—"so have I. It's a miserable day. Good-by, good-by!"

"How did you like the hymns?" asked Charley of his city cousin, as they left the church one Sunday. "One of them was just splendid," replied she with enthusiasm. "Ah! which one?" "The one in the next pew, with black curly hair and such killing black eyes. Oh, I think he was the most fascinating him of all." Charley became too much confused to pursue the conversation any further.

The Fever for Speculation.

There has been a twofold secular revival. Side by side with the solid prosperity over which we have so much reason to rejoice, there has arisen a reckless, grasping, impatient spirit of speculation, which has seized upon almost every class of society and penetrated into every nook and corner of the land. Hardly had our splendid crops, in connection with the destitution on the other side of the Atlantic, begun to tell upon the fortunes of the country, than the stock market began to "boom," as the Western phrase is, and there was a general rush to buy at the advancing figures. Wall street brokers were fairly overwhelmed by the multitude of orders which poured in upon them from every quarter; and the investments were often in stocks that had no intrinsic value, but which, under the stimulus of the loud demand, were soon, in numerous instances, forced up to a nominal equality with substantial properties. The advance on these valueless stocks, since the beginning of the year, has been on the average about 40 per cent, and sooner or later buyers were bound to find the bottom dropping out from under them, and their money and fair prospects gone together to a common ruin.

Already the speculative bubble has bursted. The violent fluctuations in stocks during the past few days may have been the result of efforts to break the market for the benefit of speculators. As long as men are willing to pour money into the street, they will be accorded every facility to do so. But let the flood begin to fail, and the fictitious character of the "boom" will quickly make itself apparent. Many a man that could ill afford it paid dear last week for the lessons received in Wall street.

But the fever for speculation has not been limited to the stock market. It has taken hold upon the products of the country, and great capitalists have been engaged in "locking up" wheat, butter, and other staple articles, in order to force up the price and increase their gains. It is reported on good authority that not less than 10,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about five times the usual stock, are now in store in this city waiting for a rise in price. And we are informed by a leading grocer of this city that the speculators have gained so firm a grip on the butter market that only a limited quantity can be procured by retailers at a time. By this process, the price of these and other food staples has been advanced beyond the exporting point, and the inflow of gold, so important to the country at the present stage of our return to a sound currency, has almost ceased.

Such methods of business as these are essentially unsound. They are pursued because men are not content to follow the slower processes of regular traffic, but are in haste to be rich. But they inevitably bring disaster in due time, and the nation suffers both in morals and in business stability through the prevalence of these feverish seasons of speculative excitement.

It is well, we repeat, when recalling the abundant prosperity of the passing year, to remember also the perils which attend the return of good times, and to pray that the country may speedily be delivered from the unhealthy condition which has already begun to impair its renewed vitality.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Something New in Telegraphy.

In Sheffield, England, has lately been exhibited a writing telegraphic machine, the principle of which consists in communicating at all times to a writing pen placed in the recording instrument in the exact position of a pencil used by the operator at the transmitting instrument through two line wires, enabling a person to write at a distant point many miles away, just as though he were present there himself, without requiring the use of any special signals, codes or signs, and without the assistance of any person to translate the signals as received.

The latitude and longitude of the pencil are continually given, the vertical position of the pencil being communicated by one wire and horizontal position by the other. The pencil has two light contract rods joined to it, and one of these slides over the edges of a series of contract plates, having various resistances interposed between them and the wire. The second rod slides over them a second set of similar plates connected to the other wire, and at the receiving instrument each of these wires actuates its own needle. These two needles, which are placed at right angles to each other, and are provided with light springs, are so arranged that they actuate a writing pen, to which ink is constantly supplied. The pen moves up or down and backward and forward in exact obedience to the motions of the pen which is guided by the operator at the transmitting instrument. The message is written by the sender on a strip of ribbon or paper, which passes under his hand, being unwound by clock work. The message—which is literally written by him at the receiving station—is produced by the pen there on a slightly smaller scale than in the pencil original, moved under the pen, also by clockwork.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly and falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass.

When the Khedive of Egypt finds a valuable piece of land incumbered with a pyramid or obelisk, and feels too poor to remove the obstruction, he presents it to America or England, and they get it out of the way. Economy is the watchword in Egypt.—*Boston Post.*

Historic Position of Palestine.

The position of Palestine on the map of the world has fitted it and its successive people for a remarkable place in history. Here is a little country, with only eight thousand square miles, or two thousand less than our State of Vermont, which, if we measure it by the scope of its history, the remote antiquity of its literature, and the great forces it has started into irresistible movement, we must place among the foremost in the ancient family of nations. It is practically the meeting-place of three continents—Africa, Asia, and Europe. If Belgium is the "cock-pit of Europe," where many of the chief battles of modern times have been fought, Palestine holds the same relation to the ancient world. Her plain of Esdraelon has been the battle-ground of nations and civilizations from Abraham's day to Napoleon Bonaparte's. This little country was the pathway of the nations on land, while on the sea it was her her Phœnicia which planted colonies all around the shores of the Mediterranean, created Carthage, rival of Rome, and dared to send her ships as far north as Britain. There is something, too, akin to magnetism in this wonderful little land. It gave a certain measure of historical importance, and, indeed, of immortality, to every people and land it touched. Take from our knowledge of Egyptian history all we have learned from the Mosaic narrative, and there will be a marvelous diminution of the fund. It is only where Assyria in an early day came into relations with Syria that we get something of a definite knowledge of that great Oriental power. We find Rawlinson, in his *Five Monarchies*, and Wilkinson, in his *Manners and Customs of the Egyptians*, constantly appealing to and leaning on the Scripture history, in order to treat the subject in consecutive form. It is Palestine that brings all great ancient countries within our vision. It is our best telescope for a view of the remote past. We read the fortunes of other people through her. Of right she did not possess the Greek language. It was foisted upon her through Alexander's conquest, and yet so carefully did she learn the new tongue that it became the receptacle for the new faith from Him of Nazareth, and the medium of its communication to be the remotest shores known to men. Palestine long resisted Rome, and finally suffered destruction through Titus. Her acres and faith were bartered like a piece of merchandise, and were, in turn, owned by Canaanite, Jew, Assyrian, Greek, Syrian, Maccabean, and Roman. But in three centuries we find Bethlehem supplanting Rome. Christianity held the scepter on the Seven Hills, and paganism became a thing of the country village, or *pagus*.—DR. J. F. HURST, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Do Not Worry Yourself.

The experience of the English clergyman, Canon Beadon, who lately died at the age of one hundred and two years, offers few suggestions to those who seek to know how they may attain to long life. He ate anything with impunity, not only eating heartily at every meal, but often nibbling biscuits, etc. between meals. He drank moderately of wine, and was to the last very fond of sweet things. He never knew what headache or rheumatism was, and when a middle aged man could and would go out shooting from morning until night, exposed with no ill effect to cold and wet. At ninety-seven he had the first severe illness of his life—an attack of bronchitis. Up to this time he had performed service in his church every Sunday, with his regular three months' duty in Wells Cathedral, his voice continuing distinct and powerful. To the day of his death he never lapsed into anything like "second childishness." Possibly the explanation of his very long and healthy life lies in this: He had a most imperturbable temper and singularly even spirits, and would not allow anything to worry him. He had many an entertaining remembrance; not the least of them was the being held up to the window by his nurse to see the soldiers in the street during the Lord George Gordon riots. This was in 1780; the future Canon was then three years old.

An Impossibility.

Under the present order of things, to dress a woman well requires considerable money, no matter what advocates of economy say to the contrary. A lady who has seen "better days," who detests shams, shoddy materials, imitation trimming and "brummagem" ornaments, found herself some time since with twenty-five dollars and an absolute necessity for a complete suit throughout, including bonnet and gloves, which must come out of the above-mentioned sum. The suit would be her best and her worst, with the exception of a calico wrapper and one linen costume, and how to supply her necessities without the crucifixion of her taste became the problem to solve. She wanted good material, artistic cut and finish. How was this to be achieved? She visited at intervals, as she could, the shops within her reach; she wrote to others stating in plain language her exact needs, and asking if they could be met at her price, but the result was uniformly the same. The thing could not be done. To accomplish her purpose she must buy her materials, create or modify a pattern and make it up with her own hands. And even this plan left no margin for a bonnet—indispensable adjunct of every costume. Where lies the blame?

Whittier says had he guessed how popular his poem, "Maud Muller," was destined to become, he would have taken more pains with it. Let this be a lesson to the army of poets who are preparing to send original poems to our paper. Take more pains with them. Polish them up, even if it takes fifty years to do it. We are in no hurry. Just as lieve wait a century or two for some of them as not.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

My Flower Garden.

Nothing in the way of seedlings gives me so much satisfaction every year as my bed of *Drummond phlox*. For fully six weeks it is a mass of bloom, while, until late in autumn, there is always a succession of blossoms, so that the bed is never without considerable attractiveness. Last year a lady from northern New York wrote me that she thought my statement that my "phlox bed contained from thirty to thirty five varieties" was quite extraordinary, as she had never seen more than eleven varieties. I have fewer varieties this year, but a week or more ago I picked twenty-five that were distinct in color and marking. The richness and brilliancy of the colors are positively dazzling, and I wonder every year that everybody does not have a bed of phlox massed as thickly as the plants can stand.

One quality of *petunias* I think is often disregarded, or rather unappreciated. It is their odor. I know of no other flower that possesses so delicate and exquisite a perfume as some varieties—for there are petunias that possess no perceptible odor whatever. To call them by name I find absolutely impossible, as they vary so from year to year, and so cannot designate the kinds that exhale a perfume so stealthily sweet that one should say instead of "sweet as a rose," sweet as a petunia. Perilla *Nankinensis*, that I began to cultivate three years ago as a foliage plant, has become a positive nuisance. It is springing up everywhere, and threatens to become as obnoxious as plantain.

What has become of all the old-fashioned fragrant *pinks?* I have pinks and pinks, but with the exception of the true carnations, all are devoid of perfume. In the memory of my early childhood are double pinks of a spicy, aromatic fragrance, almost intoxicating in their perfume; but it has been a long time since I have seen any like them. With the improvements made in flower culture, there are none to rival the old-fashionad flowers in fragrance. There was a rose, too, with a treble row of waxen white petals, most deliciously sweet, that I no longer find in gardens.

As for *lilies*, also, there are none to my liking so royal and magnificent as the fleur-de-lis. I found a few spears left in the grass two years ago, which I had carefully taken up and placed under cultivation, and this season I was repaid with more than two dozen blossoms, upon which I indeed feasted my eyes. If any one can give me directions for the rapid propagation of the fleur-de-lis I would be much obliged. Is the lily—*tangifolium*—perfectly hardy, and does it require any special treatment or care beyond having the bed constructed with small stones in the bottom—two feet down—for drainage? When is the best time for transplanting lily-of-the-valley? and what exposure is best?—MARY WAGER-FISHER, in *N. Y. Tribune.*

Club Root in Cabbage.

A great many theories have been promulgated regarding the cause of clubbing in the cabbage tribe. Some time since, as the disease was very destructive in Russia, M. Woronin was instructed by that Government to undertake an investigation of the cause, and, if possible, ascertain a cure. His report was made before the Natural History Society of St. Petersburg, to which it was shown that the cause of the disease was a parasitic fungus. The practical results which M. Woronin deduces from his observations are as follows: The absolute extirpation of the disease appears to be impossible, since any remedy which might be useful is quite as likely to kill the plant as the parasite. The following suggestions are, however, offered with a view to limiting its effects:

1. The principal means of at least alleviating the disease is to burn everything which is likely to propagate it, and as it has been proved that it can be propagated by the spores, our duty in this matter is plain. Old plants thus affected are often allowed to lie about in the spring, but they should be carefully cleared from the ground and immediately burned.

2. A careful selection of plants from the seed bed should be made, and none used which are not perfectly clear. It has been usual under such circumstances merely to pinch off the affected rootlets, but this is not sufficient, as the disease may exist in other rootlets, which are apparently free.

3. A well-considered rotation of crops should be adopted. It is suggested that the ground should not be used a second time for cabbage worts till after the lapse of two years.

BEWARE OF AN EXCESSIVE SHADE.—The praises of tree planting have been sung in almost every key, and we would not strike a discordant note. Still we are free to say that those who set large boxes thickly on their lawns or around their houses commit a great mistake. "Tree embowered cottages" are very nice, but rheumatism and its kindred ills are not so nice, and every house which the sun dosn't get a fair chance at, some time in the day, will be pretty certainly damp, and therefore unhealthy. This may be an unpopular remark at this time of the year, when shade is thought so much more of than sun, but it is good doctrine, nevertheless, the year round. Two or three large trees, not too near the house and not too near each other, are better every way than a dozen little ones so close to it as to shut out the pure sunlight. Another thing: If you have a lawn—and every country home should have one—don't make the common mistake of covering it thickly with plants and shrubs. There is nothing so trim and neat and refreshing to the eye as nicely cut grass. Plant shrubs as well as trees sparingly.—*New England Homestead.*

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale, and serves to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Alkali washes are a valuable remedy for ivy poisoning.

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WIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....DEC. 27, 1879

Edison's Triumph.

NEW YORK, Decemder 21.—The *Herald* devotes a page to "Edison's Triumph in Electric Illumination," giving a full and accurate account of his work from its inception to its completion, with illustrated diagrams. The *Herald* says: "The first public exhibition of Edison's long-looked-for electric light takes place New-Years's Eve, at Menlo Park, on which occasion that place will be illuminated with the new light. The new light, incredible as it may appear, is produced from a little piece of paper—a tiny strip of paper that a breath would blow away. Through this little strip of paper is passed an electric current, and the result is a bright, beautiful, mellow light. Edison makes the paper more infusible than platinum, more durable than granite, and this involves no complicated process. The paper is merely baked in an oven until all its elements have passed away, except its carbon frame work. The latter is then placed in a glass globe connected with wires leading to an electricity-producing machine, and the air is exhausted from the globe. Then the apparatus is ready to give out a light that produces no deleterious gases, requiring no matches to ignite, giving out but little heat, vitiating no air, and free from all flickering. This light, the inventor claims, can be produced cheaper than that from the cheapest oil. The inventor finds that the electricity can be regulated with entire reliability at the central station, just as the pressure of gas is now regulated. The entire cost of constructing the lamp is not more than twenty five cents.

AN UGLY EMPEROR.— One day a peasant woman took a basket of eggs to the house where the Italian royal party was lodged. At the door she met an individual who greeted her politely, and on finding out her errand carried the basket to the kitchen, which done he returned with a handful of small coins. Emboldenen by so much condescension, the good woman mustered np courage to mention her great desire to set eyes on the King, Victor Emmanuel. "I am the King," said the person with whom she was speaking. She looked at him scrutinizingly; then, after some seconds of mute contemplation, she exclaimed: "Oh, never! Such a sweet and beautiful woman as the Queen would never have married a man *si beurt!*" The King, for it was he, dismissed her with an extra piece of money, and proceeded in hast to ask some peasants what was the meaning of *si beurt*. "So Ugly." Victor Emmanuel related this small incident with the greatest gusto.

"Sunset" Cox tells the story of a man who, having killed a badger, was pummelling the corpse to a jelly. Somebody asked him why he wasted his strength on a carcass. D—n the thing," said he, "I want to convince it there's punishment after death."

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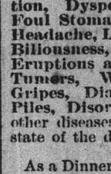

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